

LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 7

\$100 IN PRIZES EVERY WEEK

1st Prize \$50.00

2nd Prize \$25.00

3rd Prize \$15.00

4th Prize \$10.00

LIFE will run a new cross word picture puzzle each week. After you have solved the puzzle see if you can find the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle.

After you have solved the puzzle and gotten the correct title for the picture, give your explanation of the joke in not more than fifteen words.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and the prizes will

be awarded to the persons giving the correct solution of the puzzle, the correct title for the picture, and the cleverest explanation of the joke. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. You may send in as many puzzles as you wish but none will be returned. The prize-winning solutions will be printed in subsequent issues. Send all puzzles to the Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. *This week's contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, October 11.*



Winners of this puzzle will appear in the Nov. 1 issue.

ACROSS

1. What the honeymoon does.
6. Comes closer.
11. Winged.
12. Give this the air and it makes a lot of noise.
13. A barrier in Honeymoon Lane.
14. A red peril in Granddad's day.
15. This word spoiled many a Quaker romance.
16. An artist who draws for LIFE.
17. Plural ending.
18. Like.
19. A capitol place to hear the talkies: (abbr.)
21. This is put down by prohibition agents. (abbr.)
22. A bad actor.
23. A doggy thing to do.
25. This is good for a play.
26. This is negative.

28. This can't stand still.
31. A noisy bird.
33. A pronoun.
34. A point on the compass.
35. A printer's measure.
37. Another pronoun.
38. Mother's masterpiece.
39. What bachelor apartments are for.
41. What Romeo did for Juliet.
42. This is a little salt.

DOWN

1. The snake did this with a rattle.
2. This is phoney.
3. Everybody's talking about cutting this.
4. Greek letter.
5. When does a reformer mind his own business?
6. An unimportant person.
7. It's a mistake to do this.
8. Substance made from seaweed.

9. What Senator Heflin did in Washington.
10. These make good prohibition agents.
18. Relate.
20. Where N. Y. peaches are found.
22. This goes with a skip and a jump.
24. Seed capsule.
25. This should come up to the mark.
27. A Scotchman's overhead expense.
28. Indefinite people.
29. What you shouldn't be—in the bath.
30. You couldn't make this by starting at the bottom.
32. Part of the verb "to be."
34. An exclamation of respect—often used disrespectfully.
36. Encountered.
38. The old man.
40. Note of the scale.

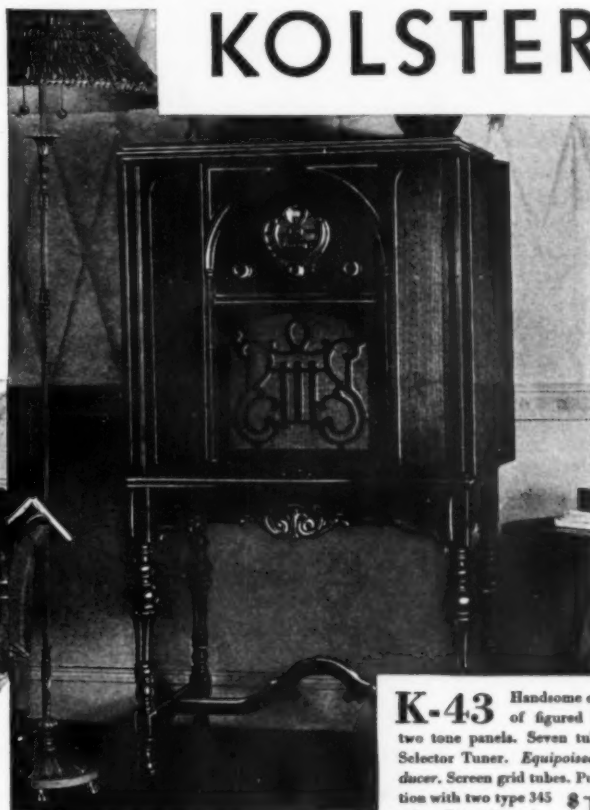
Expect

GREAT THINGS OF KOLSTER



"Don't you believe it! There's a world of difference between one radio and another. Come up to the house tonight and listen to my Kolster. You never knew a radio could be so clear and enjoyable."

Listen to the Kolster Program every Wednesday Evening at 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.



K-43 Handsome cabinet with doors of figured butt walnut and two tone panels. Seven tubes and rectifier. Selector Tuner. Equiposed dynamic reproducer. Screen grid tubes. Push-pull amplification with two type 345 tubes. Price, less tubes **\$175.00**

TONIGHT... visit your dealer and see the new Kolster Radio for 1930! But before you cross the threshold, expect to see — and hear — great things! ▲.▲.▲ Expect to find screen grid tubes — proved by Kolster engineers — offering thrilling richness of tone and amazing selectivity that reaches into the magic air and captures just the station you want! ▲.▲.▲ Expect to find the equiposed dynamic reproducer — extra large to do full justice to the increased power of Kolster screen grid radio. ▲.▲.▲ Expect to find a new speedy way of tuning in — to find cabinets unsurpassed for beauty and design! ▲.▲.▲ Expect all these things, we say, for your expectations will be realized in the 1930 Kolster! . . . PLUS the confidence, the knowledge that wherever you go, you will inevitably hear this enthusiastic remark from owner after owner, "Kolster is a fine set!"

*Equiposed
Dynamic
Reproducer*

KOLSTER

RADIO

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The one Camera to which
no picture is "impossible"



A nature-loving artist captures a picturesque moment from memory, above. But in the actual photograph below! Only a Graflex will do! Perfect focus in spite of swift motion—exquisite art—a picture that thrills for a lifetime!

And now there's a simplified Graflex priced within everybody's reach. $3\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4\frac{1}{4}''$ Graflex, \$80. Other models \$85 to \$375.

FEATURED BY THE BEST DEALER EVERYWHERE

GRAFLEX
PERFECTLY SIMPLE  SIMPLY PERFECT
FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP. ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



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Graham Crackers

We built this little two-line nifty out of an old traveling salesman story and had two brief cases left over.

"Where didja get the black eye?"

"She told me that her husband was an endurance flyer."

Add Awful Songs: "Grandpa Got the Palsy from Shaking the Blues Away."

Anyways the old-timer who niftied "Home is just what you make it," certainly never had run into any interior decorators.

What To Do Till The Doctor Comes.

Keep saying: "Whyinhell didn't ya put out your hand?"

After months of tireless research and experimentation we invented a swell threat to use when we caught our little ward telling whoppers. We told him that if he didn't abandon the practice the advertising agency men would get him when he grew up.

And while you have been looking for the hidden sailor and four little ponies in the above puzzle and hoping that you will net 10,000 more votes in the Sunshine Buggy Prize Contest, your favorite speakeasy has been raided and reopened at least three times.

—Ed Graham.

Life





SHIPWRECKED WATCHER: *Believe me, I'm going to take it easy today—I'll look only two miles instead of ten.*

Proper Label

HUBBY: What in the world do you call that, a vase or a bowl or what?

WIFEY: I don't know, the salesman just called it a bridge prize.

Great American Institutions

Street Praydes
Athaletic Stadyums
Whispring Baretones
Companyunut Merridge

REVEREND BANNON—So you've had a lot of church affairs to worry about today?

BISHOP CANNON—Yes, I could hardly keep my mind on the ticker.



Inconsistent episode in the early life of William the Conqueror.

Scott Shots

A sun tan is easy enough to acquire, but Heaven help the girls if it ever becomes the fashion to blush.

Football is in season during the months containing a rah.

A good title for a motorist's novel would be All Quiet on the Back Seat.

Eleventh commandment—Thou Shalt Not Park.

Open your mouth and close your eyes is a familiar saying, but a better one is open your mind and close your mouth.

Some things are as hard to find as a needle in a haystack, and others are as easy as a pin in a shirt.

Modern thrift—take care of the down payments, and the installments will take care of themselves.

You can't judge a book by its cover or a football team by its stadium.

By reading the newspaper scandals we find that two can behave as cheaply as one.
—W. W. Scott.

Believe me, I refuse to eat lunch with Peter Kink again. Not me. No sir. I let him tell me all about the time he sat on Helen Forgan's lap and Tex Hinan got jealous and seven under cover men tried to bribe him and about the statue he was going to make for the City of Skatuan Memorial committee when Lorado Taft underbid him and about the time he had lapsis memora left his wife and drew \$600 from the bank for a trip to the races at Tia Juana all alone and woke up with delirium tremens in Kansas City and about the 100 to 1 shot he bet on in Belmont and about the time he made the landlord cancel his lease because a bootlegger upstairs let his still explode when his wife had the Sewing Guild and about his office girl that won four beauty prizes but spoiled it all by talking out loud in front of customers and about three different times he cured a cold by sitting on the roof with a quart of Swedish aqvitt from midnight till dawn and about his two-year-old pianna playing daughter and then, finally, when I wanted to talk about the fight my wife had with my mother and the time I made them serve me scotch before it was cut and cashed 7 checks in a strange place when my bank balance was only forty-two cents and about the time I let three doctors operate with only a local anaesthetic while I saw it all and how

I chased a motor cop six miles and all—the big stiff calls for the checks and walks out on me. I hate that kind of a guy!

CONSTABLE: *Wot! Ye don't b'lieve I'm an officer?*

I chased a motor cop six miles and all—the big stiff calls for the checks and walks out on me. I hate that kind of a guy!

—James A. Sanaker.

He who hesitates laughs last.
There's no place like home in which
to find many a cruel word spoken in
jest.

The early bird gets the fool and his money before they are parted.

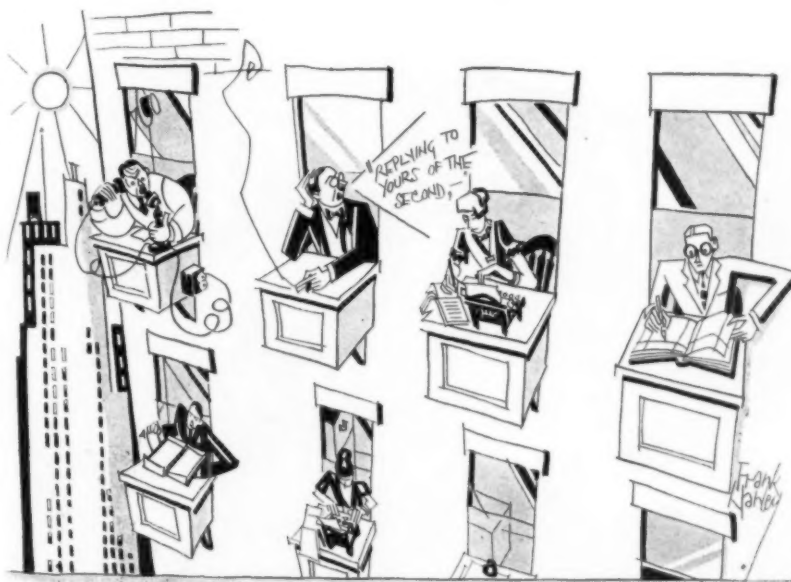
All work and no play makes Jack
early to bed and early to rise.

A hint to the wise is don't marry in haste.

Take care of the pennies and hell
hath no fury like a woman.

Too many cooks spoil there's no place like home.

How to make ice: Make the iceman first—the rest is easy.



So the office force can have air and sunshine.



"No use talkin', Mabel—these Martians don't know what gas is!"



Short Stories of Life



Queen's Gambit

by Eric Hatch

CARMAN SYNER leaned over the rail of the *Ulanda* and stared at the white crests of the breaking seas. He yawned, so bored that neither white water nor anything else about the sea could keep him from wishing it were time to go to bed.

He stood so for quite some time, then the night radio man came out of his cabin for a breath of air. They talked for a moment, Syner commenting on the storm, the radio man telling the news of the world that was on the air, while Syner listened. A curious expression came on Syner's face as the radio man talked—like a child hearing Jack-and-the-Beanstalk stories. When the operator left him he went down to the smoking-room for a night cap.

He got his drink and carried it over to the only table in the room which the storm they were passing through had not caused to be deserted. A sun-scarred Britisher was there, drinking slowly the inevitable Scotch and.

"Rotten night, eh?" said Syner, sitting down.

"Reminds me of the storms we get on the island."

"The island?" Syner was sorry he'd sat down. "Reminiscence!" he thought, "at this hour!"

"Jamaica. I live there. You've been, of course?"

"You live there!" Syner's face took on the Jack-and-the-Beanstalk expression again. An idea had flashed into his mind; an idea which, properly exploited, should bring him in even more than that race he'd framed at Larona Fair Grounds.

"You live there?" he said again.

The Britisher

looked up in some annoyance. "Yes, I live there. What about it?"

Fine! Syner had caught in the man's annoyance that defense-of-the-Empire ring. "Nothing," he said. "I was just thinking. Pretty place, isn't it?"

The Britisher, whose name was Quorn, expanded. His eyes grew almost warm, "Ah yes."

"I've always liked Kingston particularly," Syner saw his course now. "That's a swell statue you have there."

"Which one, my friend? We have several good statues."

Syner paused a long moment. Did he quite dare? Then: "Why, I meant the Queen Victoria. That one where she stands facing the town."

The Britisher was so surprised that he got Scotch and soda down his windpipe, for as everyone knew, the statue of Queen Victoria faced the harbor. When he was again under control he told his companion this—convincingly.

"But I'm sure you're mistaken, sir," Syner answered. "That statue faces the town."

What was the man talking about? Damn nonsense, this business of trying to tell a Quorn which way a statue faced when he owned a house not three blocks from it.

With a smile, Syner felt the gathering of the

spirit that has made England what she is.

An hour later Syner, in spite of the best and soundest of British logic which had been brought to bear on him, was still unconvinced. An hour later Quorn, having expounded the best and soundest British logic he knew, was a spent force. Then Syner, after the manner of adventurers, offered to settle the thing with a bet; a good beefy bet so that each of them should thereafter never be mistaken about the point.

Quorn had never before bet on anything where the other fellow didn't have at least some chance of winning. This was different. He was mad now and completely upset by the idea of being told point blank that he was a liar. He felt the knowledge of the benefits this insufferable bounder would receive from his lesson would more than offset any pangs the Quorn conscience might notice about seeing a sure thing and grabbing the winnings. He slammed his glass on the table.

"Very good," he said, cutting the ends off his words after the manner of Empire defenders. "You want to bet, eh? Well, we'll see whether you're such a red hot sport as you think. I'll bet you—" he paused—"my house and everything in it

(Continued on Page 28)



"I'll bet you my house and everything in it against \$5000."



Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 11—Off to the village betimes, finding the stationer's shop swarming with school children buying textbooks, a sight which made me long to take up some good course of study, and which did also set going through my head a line from a song Harry Carroll did once sing in vaudeville.

*"All the little children on their way to school
Meet her and greet her with a smile," etc.*

the heroine of the ballad being the sunshine of Virginia. A lecture from my husband this morning, since he does hold several of my swans to be geese, and tells me I am like Browning's "Last Duchess" in showing favor to many who are unworthy of it, but he did add, upon reflection, that my simple-mindedness would inspire the blackest villain to appear to his best advantage before me, so that I am often impressed by qualities which are either discounted by or not apparent to more discerning critics, and albeit I do not consider his pronouncement much of a compliment, I did seize upon the occasion to ask him for one hundred dollars. To the Coopers' for luncheon, eating a tomato stuffed with *foie gras*, jellied soup, chicken and sweetbreads on toast, lima beans, salad with peppers and pot cheese, and orange sherbet, all very fine, and then home to be spellbound by Captain Jones' account of his adventures in Gallipoli, marking that he is the only man of my acquaintance to have been in that campaign, as well as the only pianist I know who whistles Debussy's compositions whilst he plays them. Dinner at the Hopkins', and at cards so late that I did not reach home until 2:00 A. M., and finding the watchman

on his rounds
I did not
make my
usual attempt at
entrance through
a window, since
only last night he
did shoot at Sam's
bathing suit.

SEPTEMBER 12
—By the first post
a brochure wrote
by Madeleine Kerwin called "How to Bid Contract Bridge," and I could not but ponder

what splendid home missionary work the Gideons could do by taking up its distribution, for Lord! the other night I did play with a partner who leapt to five diamonds after my conventional take-out of his Vanderbilt club declaration, and our making the contract was due solely to the fact that fortune brings in some boats which are not steered. All the morning gone over my correspondence, applying excess postage to letters of doubtful weight in a fine spirit of patriotism, even parting, mayhap needlessly, with my last stamp to the strains of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee!" After luncheon to the chaise-longue to muse on this and that, in especial how in my school days it was held that woman

would never touch man's heights as a creative genius because of an innate reticence which held her from the full expression of her experience, but Lord! the time has come when many women not only admit, but boast of, their indiscretions, and when a disreputable heroine appears in a best-selling book of fiction, a Jason's army springs up claiming to be her prototype, until the scarlet letter of Hawthorne's day has faded to what the fashionable dress-makers describe as "dirty pink." News from Virgie over the long distance telephone that our household effects have been transferred to our new flat, and all in good order, I trust, since we did discover after our last removal that the vanmen had consumed two bottles of our best vermouth.

Sometimes I sit and gaze at the raging ocean, and marvel at how much water there is for a thin little rubber bathing cap to keep out.

"Is Madame La Grange, the fortune teller, in?"

"No, mum. She's over at the phrenologist getting her head read."

A pedestrian may be down but he's never out of danger.



BLOTTO: But I haven't got a rabbit!

Letters of A Modern Father

South Bend, Indiana.

My Dear Daughter:

I am sorry you were worried about not hearing from your brother Sheridan since you returned to school; naturally, knowing Sheridan, and knowing he had been flying, you'd be anxious. But Sheridan has given up aviation and is going to start a Little Theatre. He has his eye on a stable and as soon as he can talk me into paying the bill he is going to remodel it and call it the Tragic News.

Sheridan is going to save the town from the degrading influence of the talking pictures. He hasn't really started; he says it will take a lot of thought and so he is going over to Europe for six months or so. Sheridan says he has never been able to think in America. I quite agree with him.

He didn't drop aviation suddenly. He told me he had given it a fair trial for three months and had come to the conclusion that it has no future. He says he cannot hope to find happiness in anything but Art and he doesn't want to waste the golden years between eighteen and twenty.

The boy next door asks about you and does it quite nicely, now that he has had his adenoids removed.

Your Affectionate Father,

—McCready Huston.



"Jarndyce, I've just had a tiff with my wife—will you slam the door?"

WIFIE: Henry, this is my cousin, twice removed.

HUBBY: Well, remove him again.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

For example: Scramble rates with a v and get what you do when you pay them.

The answer is rates + v = starve.

(1) Scramble manor with a d and get what a woman drives a car at.

(2) Scramble threes with an l and get what you pay rent for.

(3) Scramble heater with a w and get what makes it necessary.

(4) Scramble nagged with an e and get the first step toward getting that way.

(5) Scramble corner with an o and get whom you meet when you go around one too fast.

(6) Scramble chat with a y and get a nice thing to have one on.

(Answers on Page 33)



"Now, there was something I wanted to ask you, Miss Mar-ag-lo-irene. Name over a few things."

Life at Home



DANBURG, Ill.—A hospital here has never spent a cent to keep the grass trimmed in front of its buildings. Prospective fathers, while waiting, are utilized by having them walk up and down behind lawn mowers.

SCRANTON, Pa.—While on a fishing trip, Tracy Miller, policeman, who tips the scales at 312 pounds, got up from his cramped position in the boat to stretch himself. Tom, his companion, hearing a loud noise, as of the ripping of wood, turned to see Miller wearing the boat around his neck and struggling to extricate himself from the water. Miller's 312 pounds had proven too much for the bottom of the boat.

NEW YORK—Prof. Goodwin Watson questionnaired 400 students at Columbia in an attempt to discover the secret of acquiring happiness. He reports that good health is the most important factor, and that intelligence has nothing to do with it.



OSSINING, N. Y.—The authorities have barred the pole vault from track athletics at Sing Sing.

BIDDEFORD, Me.—Chief Parent issued orders for stricter traffic enforcement and a search was instituted for all those who had been tagged and failed to report. The desk man had just made out a warrant for one offender when it was discovered that the number was that of the chief's car.

KANSAS CITY—The Saunders Fly-It-Yourself Company is offering a two-seater sports plane for rent. The charge is from \$15 to \$25 per hour.

DOVER, N. H.—On her ninety-sixth birthday, Mrs. Hannah E. Littlefield, oldest woman in this city, entertained her guests by playing the harmonica. She still is active and conducts a class in rug making.



CHICAGO—At the World Congress of Theosophists, an attempt will be made to photograph angels, or "devi"; the invisible but intelligent entities, who, according to many of that faith, seek a friendly contact between their realm and the human. They are expected to attend the convention in great numbers, and Geoffrey Hudson of England, who claims to have taken pictures of them, although he says they are snooty about the camera, will try to secure movies.

LOS ANGELES—At the National Radio Show, cows were subjected to radio tunes, particularly at milking time, while veterinarians and chemists analyzed the cream contents. Better milk was obtained when soothing melodies such as lullabies were played. Jazz disturbed them too much.

DETROIT—Speedboats unloaded 200 bags of whiskey in ten minutes into trucks on the banks of the River Rouge in broad daylight. They were loudly cheered by hundreds of on-lookers on the bridge overhead.

BURKSVILLE, Ill.—Burksville, its town hall, its jail, road grader and scraper have to go on the block for auction. The sixty-three voters say they have to sell the town because of the decrease in income due to prohibition, and that the village is stony broke in consequence.

DES MOINES, Iowa—When a policeman stopped to see what was going on in a heavily curtained coupe parked by the roadside, he found George Creelman changing into a bathing suit. It was raining and George told the cop that he had had a blow-out and didn't intend to get wet changing tires. Also that he always carried his bathing suit along for just that purpose.

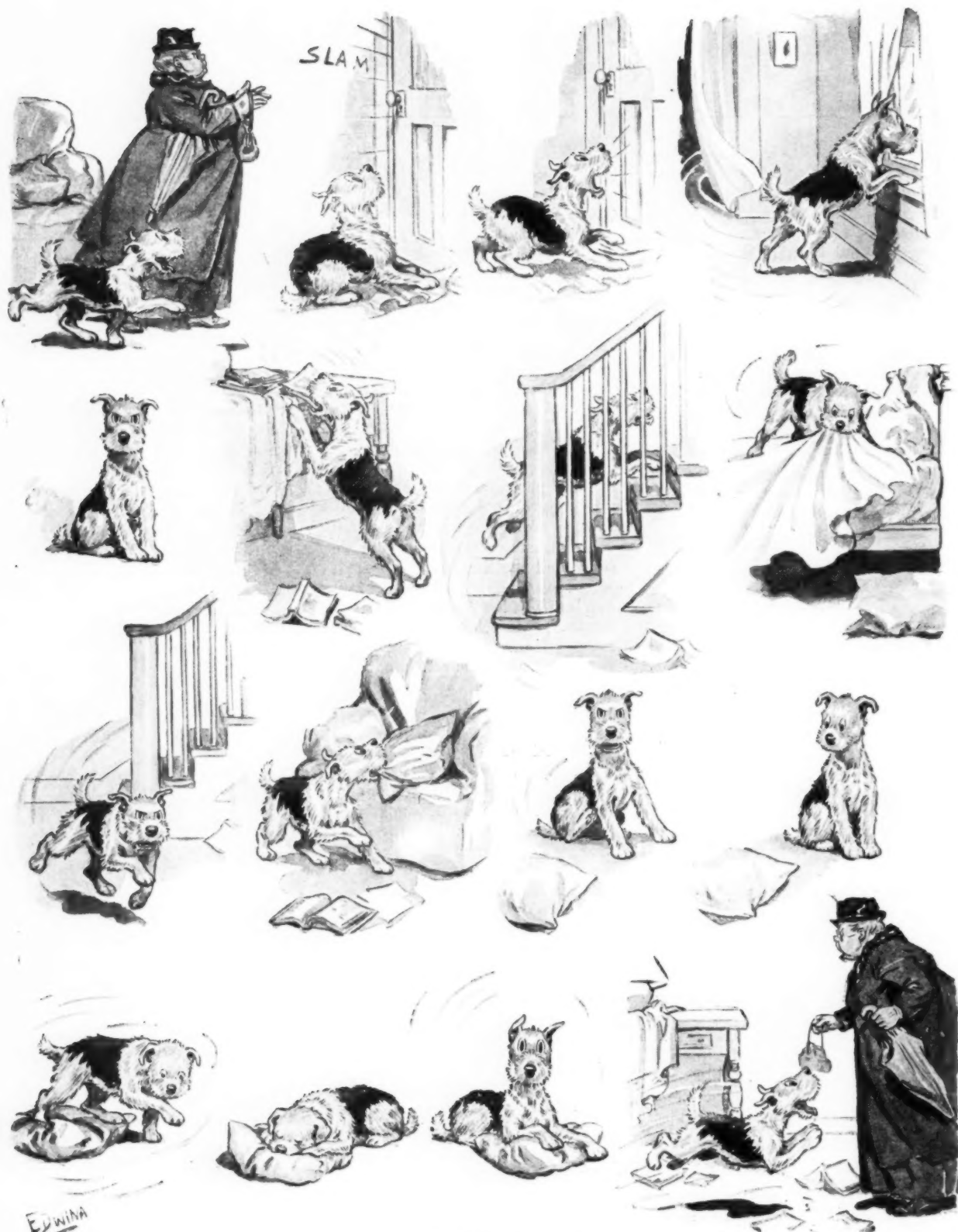
CINCINNATI, O.—Norman B. Curtis, Cincinnati oil man, was flying with Capt. D. H. Young as pilot, when Young was pitched out trying to do an outside turn at 3,000 feet. Curtis felt the plane falling, looked down to see Young drifting to earth in a parachute, and grasped the stick for the first time in his life. He felt the plane flatten out, steered for Columbus, and made a perfect landing.

Life Abroad



PARIS—Jules Ansaldi, proprietor of a Champs Elysees bar, reports, "There is now a strong American demand for bootleg liquor in cocktails. As a result, we may have to import bootleg."

KOLOZVAR, Roumania—After a gang of highwaymen had robbed a group of wealthy men near here, the masked captain bowed politely and made this speech:—"Excuse me for having robbed you. I used to be a government official, but was unable to live on 3,000 lei a month, (about \$18). Clandestine stealing was repugnant to me, consequently I decided to practice open robbery. A man must live."



SINBAD.

Welcome home, all is forgiven.

"Look, mummy! They've got one of my pictures mixed with daddy's!"



It Sims To Me

Most parties are given in honor of having a quart of gin present.

The greatest convenience of the rumble seat is you can close it down on top of you after cussing a truck driver.

When a radio station is signing off after a lot of static and the announcer says, "We have been operating on 640 kilocycles," you can holler back and say, "Don't you mean motorcycles?"

Autos are now regarded as necessities, and children as luxuries.

About the only rest a really popular debutante gets is while she is waiting for the traffic lights to change.

I like peanuts in their place, but I do wish they would have sense enough to stay out of chocolate almond bars.

Be sure and remove the golf balls, swimming cap, fishing license and other things from the pockets before sending the cleaner your Sunday suit.

If Alexander were alive today, and if he were sitting and sighing for a new world to conquer, he could try to start a comic strip in the New York Times.

—Tom Sims.



Exclusive News Pictures.

Charles Evans Hughes gets a "permanent."

Jumping at Conclusions

By coupling these, President Hoover staged a one-a-day drama which may stand out in high relief when continued on page 2.

—Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette.

Billy now looked me squarely in the face, and there was something about that look that continued on page 138.

—True Story Magazine.

Over Chicago droned one of the ubiquitous endurance planes, the "Chicago-We Will," striving to turn to page 4, column 6.

—Mobile Sunday Register.

"Will you please be good enough to shut your mouth?" Alice asked her, looking at her as if she were continued on page 14, column 1.

—San Francisco Call.

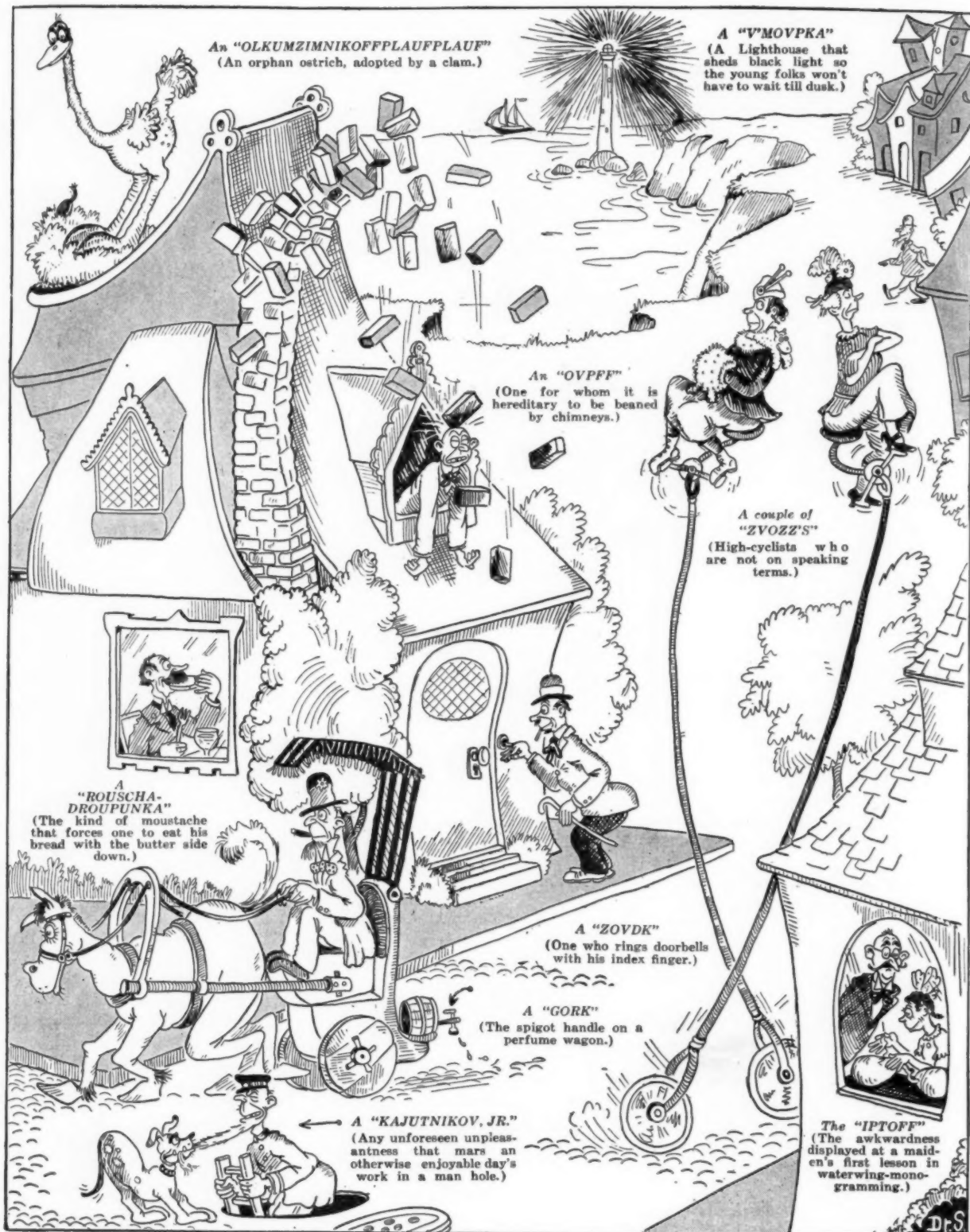
The young mother's story was corroborated in detail by Mrs. Janosky.

"For four weeks I have been continued on page 4, col 1.

—Daily News.

Well, let them think. She didn't care. She didn't care about anything, if she could get continued on page 83.

—The Saturday Evening Post.



LIFE's Little Educational Charts.
The Latvian Language at a Glance.



Life in Washington

WHEN Ireland called upon the League of Nations to disarm it was a case of a shillelagh showing which way the wind is blowing in Anglo-American relations. Naval agreement is the order of the day. Only three unbuilt American cruisers stand between us and parity with the British—sometime after 1936. And what are a few cruisers between friends? Premier MacDonald is due here the first week in October. Our Admirals are hastily washing their hands of William B. Shearer, "the Man Who Wrecked the Geneva Conference." The Senate is out to investigate "Big Navy" propaganda. The investigation is not expected to touch such well-known propagandists as Woodrow Wilson, who in 1916 demanded "incomparably the most adequate navy in the world," Viscount Cecil, who was under the impression that the British Admiralty had wrecked the Geneva Conference, or President Coolidge, whose Armistice Day speech last autumn caused such a flutter in the dovecoats of peace. However, Washington opinion regards the denunciation of Shearer as a shrewd move to show that our desire for "parity" is not identified with the selfish interests of the munition-makers.

Politics are simmering under the watchful eyes of the Administration cooks, although the 1930 campaign is far from coming to a boil. The Democrats have started a half-hearted filibuster against the Tariff, led by Senator Simmons, and Borah, the Idaho Baked Potato, is openly attacking it. Now that a young German has split the hitherto indivisible hydrogen atom, the Solid South looks as substantial as split pea soup. Bishop Cannon is raking the Democratic ranks in Virginia and the new Republican National Chairman, Claudius Huston, who has at last replaced poor old Dr. Work, aims to perpetuate the Hoovercratic landslide of 1928. That well-known political false alarm, a Third Party, was turned in by Professor

John Dewey of Columbia, in his "League for Independent Political Action." None of our local firemen have been seen running for the brass pole.

President Gil plans to introduce football into Mexico as a substitute for revolution. West Point and Annapolis are still considering revolution as a substitute for the Army-Navy football game. . . . Ringling's Circus has bought out its five rivals in the elephants-and-peanuts racket. It is fortunate that, in this age of mergers, Congress maintains the spirit of competition. . . . Washington Society was puzzled by the news that a cat had starved to death on the roof of the new British Embassy. Local cats usu-

ally thrive in diplomatic surroundings and guests at Sir Esme's have recently been suffering less from hunger than from thirst. . . . Prohibition scored two great victories recently. The local water rates were boosted 30% and the "Mayflower" was offered for sale with the proviso that it should never carry intoxicating liquor. Remembering the pre-Coolidge days, it's just as well that this clause was not made retroactive. But perhaps they've given the Executive Yacht the Keeley Cure. Or perhaps it's just gone on the water-wagon. At any rate, young Theodore Roosevelt is about to go to Porto Rico, so things are not as bad as they might be.

—J. F.

Have Women A Sense Of Humor?

THE eternal controversy over whether or not the gentle sex has a sense of humor is finally going to be settled once and for all! And LIFE is to provide the field for the Battle of the Sexes. Here is a glorious opportunity for the women of America to prove that this is no laughing matter!

The Women's Press Club of New York believes that the fair sex has an even better sense of humor than the male! And just to prove it they are offering \$1,000 in prizes for the cleverest pieces of writing submitted by the women of America. LIFE, ever the gallant gentleman, throws open its pages for a national contest to start November 1 and in addition to the prizes offered by the Women's Press Club, will pay regular rates for all material printed. The contest will run for twelve weeks, starting November 1, and the prizes will be awarded for the cleverest manuscripts submitted and printed during this period. The following is a list of the judges:

Carolyn Wells
Baird Leonard
William Allen White
Margaret Sanger
Mary Roberts Rinehart

Donald Ogden Stewart
O. O. McIntyre
Rupert Hughes
Kathleen Norris
Irvin S. Cobb

All manuscripts must be typewritten and must be addressed to Women's Press Club Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York City. Return postage must be enclosed with all material submitted. In case of a tie, each of the winning contestants will receive a prize.

Material may be submitted in the form of humorous articles, essays, verse, paragraphs, or ideas for humorous pictures. Ideas accepted will be illustrated by LIFE's artists. Articles and essays must not be longer than 250 words.

Watch future issues for further developments in this nation-wide contest.

Come on, Girls! Do your stuff! Show these blatant males! Show them that woman also has a place in the sun—we almost said pun! Just look around you at your husbands and sweethearts and you will find plenty of material for laughs!





Gentlefolk.

New York Life



Street Scene

NEW York City has the most beautiful store fronts in the world and yet I'll bet very few people would be able to describe them . . . like the gent who couldn't see the forest for the trees, all the average *New Yorker* sees is what is on display in the window . . . you have looked in *Vantine's* any number of times but can you remember what the front of the building looks like? . . . No! . . . and so for the benefit of our unobserving little readers, *Russell Ziegfeld Patterson* herewith limns a few of our better store fronts.

Behind The Front

And while we are on the subject of stores what could be more appropriate than a nice little handy shopping guide for the men? . . . not one of those *Christmas Gift* lists but a sort of *bae-*

deker for a man-about-town who for some unknown reason finds himself with a few unused stray dollars and decides to celebrate and buy something for himself for a change.

If the fortunate gent wants to indulge himself in a big way there is a beautiful *Hispano Suiza* roadster on display in 57th street which ought to have just about the best pickup of any car on the market . . . on the same thoroughfare he may also find a very snappy orange and tan monoplane in the *Curtis* window.

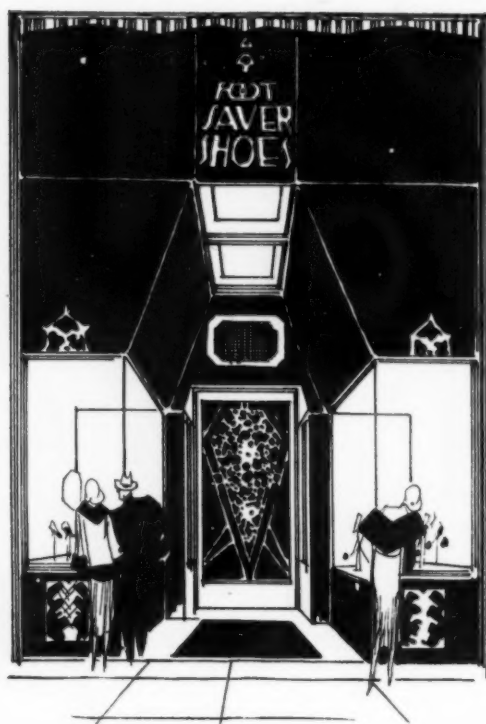


heavy silver with glass bottoms so that you may keep your eye open for the police while quaffing.

At *Mark Cross* you may pick up a very swell golf belt made of pig-skin with four places for tee holders or at *Dunhill's* Malacca canes with pig-skin handles and made into four parts that unscrew and fit into a small leather case . . . At *Cartiers* they

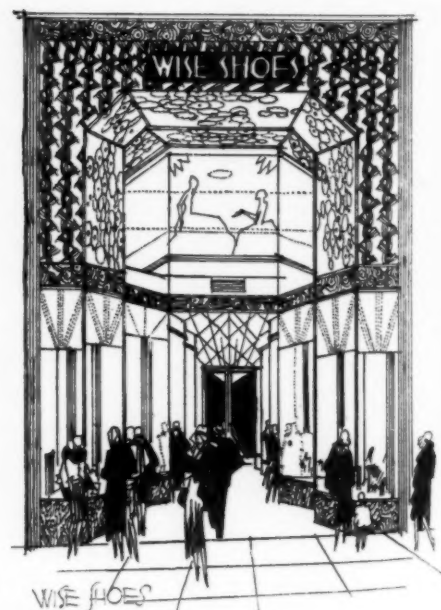
have gold coins, the size of half dollars, with "Heads" written on one side and "Tails" on the other in red letters.

If you are going in for self adornment you will find some very very snappy woolen suspenders at *Jaegers*, in fact you may get about anything in woolen there, even woolen underwear.



At *Altman's* he may find a cocktail set made of dull silver with all the pieces triangular shaped and of futuristic design . . . then there are amber colored dice with the numbers made of brilliants . . . a black enamel flask with a silver top, fit for a king's hip pocket, with a very sad looking camel's head on the front . . . a solid black onyx cigarette box with a white frosted glass head on top for a handle and book ends to match.

Abercrombie & Fitch is heaven indeed for a sporting gentleman . . . for example, whiskey glasses with false bottoms which contain dice so that you may shake for the drinks. . . . A *Bootlegger's* Map—"Honi soit qui mal y pints" to say nothing of "Pints of the Compass" which are Norse, Souse, Wets and Yeast . . . English tankards made of





... At Ovington's you may find remarkable Swiss hand carved figures for paper weights ... also white onyx and bronze cigarette boxes made to look like books ... at Marjorie Oelrichs' old fashioned whiskey glasses with gold bands two-thirds from the top marked "Ladies" and another higher up marked "Gents" ... also decanters of brown or green glass with Collins glasses to match.

If you like games Spauldings' is the place for you ... here you may find "Hazard" sets with nice green cloths, horse race games made like a roulette

wheel with twelve horses, "Minoru," "Bird Cage," anything you want to take a chance on ... there is also a new English game called "Puff Billiards" ... there is a round board with four holes ... the idea is to blow a small cork ball into one of the holes with a small bellows, and it is extremely difficult.

And if you haven't had enough by this time there are very very fancy and very good looking radiator cap ornaments at Nil Melior's ... the imported cigarettes at Rendall's ... the ship models at Boucher's ... Imported records by Mistinguette, Chevalier, etc., at the Gramophone Company, etc. etc. etc.

Manna-About-Town

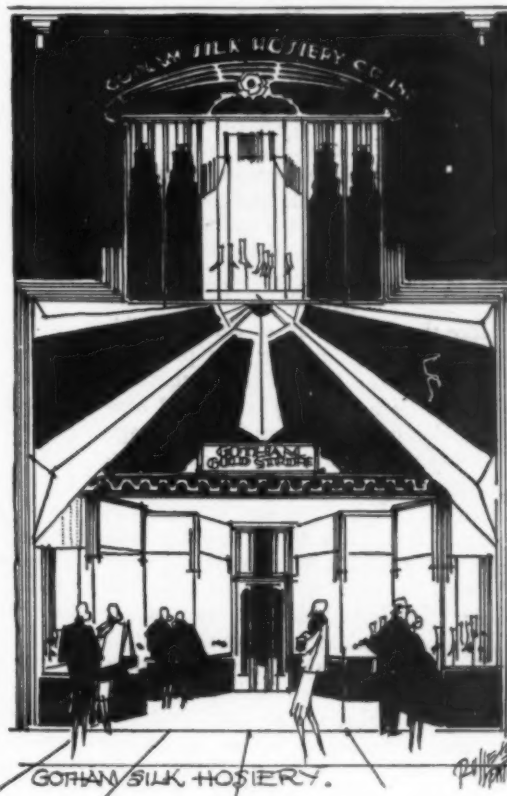
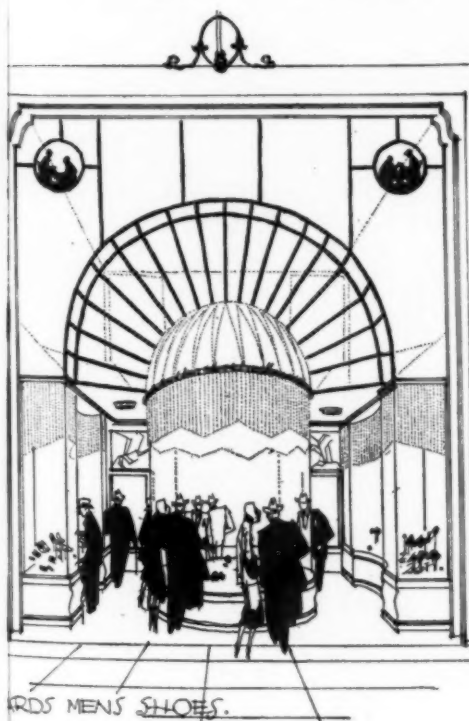
The *Passport Speakeasy* in the *Fifties*—after you have been introduced and your social status verified, a photograph is taken of you and pasted on a card bearing your signature which is given to you when you leave—the proprietor

keeps a duplicate likeness in a file which is referred to the next time you call—the ship idea is followed throughout with the waiters dressed as stewards—the proprietor wears an admiral's uniform and at closing time walks around yelling "All ashore that's goin' ashore!" ... the living billboard atop the *Astor* with real gels advertising the *Hollywood Revue* ... the show "Strictly Dishonorable" ... Eric Hatch's "Cocktail Hour"

*Between the dark and the daylight
Comes the glow of the first little bun
When the day drinking's just about over
And the night drinking hasn't begun.*

... Montmartre is open ... "The Perfect Murder" a novel mystery story ... the *Grandeur* movies at the *Gayety* with a screen as big as the stage ... practically all of the brown stone fronts housing speakeasies on the ground floor are vacant from there up the reason being that there is no money in "roomers" and they are apt to be too nose.

Knickerbocker Jr.



Theatre • by Ralph Barton



I LIKE to think that it was Mr. John B. Hymer's idea, and not Mr. Samuel Shipman's, to give Miss Elsie Ferguson the rôle of a two-fisted, hard-headed business woman in their play, "Scarlet Pages." It sounds like an idea arrived at in a conference, and I hope it is. I have always had a sentimental attachment to the plays of Mr. Shipman and I resent this venomous worm of modernism gnawing at their vitals.

In their pure state, Mr. Shipman's plays revive my first conscious memories of the theatre. They recall the balmy days of my childhood when I was sick with love for Miss Eva Lang, Leading Lady of the Woodward Stock Company at the Auditorium Theatre in Kansas City. I know now, and I darkly suspected then, that the plays in which Miss Lang appeared were the most awful trash; but they moved me. When the stage-business in one of them called upon Miss Lang to sigh, I sighed; when Miss Lang wept, my heart cracked; and when Miss Lang allowed her mascara-laden eyes to wander over the footlights into the first row of the orchestra where I always sat on Saturday afternoons, ten thousand little birds fluttered in my bosom and turned me quite faint.

The queer thing about the old formula is that it still works, in spite of all that we have learned about life since the Great War, or since Prohibition, or since whatever you prefer to blame for the Great Change that has come over us. Being on duty, I conscientiously tore my eyes from the stage during the courtroom scene in the second act of "Scarlet Pages" and studied the faces of the hardened first-nighters about me. Lips were moving with Miss Ferguson's as they had moved with Miss Lang's; nostrils were dilating with indignation at each attack launched against her by the horrid (for the moment) District Attorney; little grunts of satisfaction approved each retort that she shot at him.

But the moment the act was over, the spell was broken. These first-nighters pulled themselves together,

moved out to the sidewalk, and denied Mr. Shipman. No one even cared what was going to happen to Miss Ferguson in the last act. A new idea had been allowed to creep into the old formula, and the old formula had been paralyzed by the venom of it. Miss Ferguson had been given the rôle of a female lawyer, and no one could possibly be concerned with the fate of a female lawyer in a play which engages the heart without involving the head. The blindest of old formula lovers could hardly be expected to feel any-

helplessness, which made old formula heroines what they should be.

A little of the fault, too, was Miss Ferguson's. She drew her business woman from life, and life has precious little to do with the old formula. In life, business women generally imitate men when they might quite as easily imitate gentlemen. Miss Ferguson's too accurate portrait merely made her seem a little rude.

Miss Claire Luce, on the other hand, did a magnificent job of the rôle of the sullen cutie who committed the murder. It is a rare ravishing blonde, who, cast in such a part, is honest enough about her work to conquer the temptation to hint to the audience that she is not really that sort of girl off stage. Miss Luce's performance went beyond formulas.



The Drama of Escape

thing for a woman if he had to scrape her feet off the desk-top, shut off the inter-office radio communication, and snatch the cigar from her mouth before he could tell her that he loved her. Miss Lang would never have played such a rôle. She would have torn her contract into bits and cast it in Mr. O. D. Woodward's face rather than appear in the bloomers, the fedora hat and the shirt-waist of the New Woman of her period. Even when she was caught within the Union lines in her brother's Confederate uniform or clung with bleeding hands to the clapper of the alarm bell to save her young man, she never once left off the old softness, the old

IF YOU are curious to see the inside workings of a radio broadcasting station reproduced with great accuracy of detail, they are on view in "Remote Control" at the 48th Street Theatre. Better murders, better heart throbs, and equally good detectives are on view in almost any other theatre in town.

ONE comes away from "Murder on the Second Floor" a little exasperated with its author, Mr. Frank Vosper. Atmosphere is probably the most important ingredient of a mystery story—one remembers Sherlock Holmes' rooms in Baker Street, his pipe, his dressing gown and his London long after one has forgotten his adventures—and Mr. Vosper shows quite clearly that he could create atmosphere if he wanted to. His Bloomsbury lodging house with its queer set of lodgers and police constables running up and down its creaking staircase might be full of it. But Mr. Vosper chooses to treat his piece as a parody—and it comes off as a large void. Love and death, politics and even religion may be treated satirically, but mystery must be taken in deadly earnest. It is somehow rather shocking to see it made light of.



"SCARLET PAGES"

*Miss Elsie Ferguson, Attorney-at-law, turning one of
Miss Claire Luce's white as snow.*

Movies • by Harry Evans



"Our Modern Maidens"

OUR hats are off to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

While other producers are worrying about new wrinkles in the talkie business, along comes M. G. M. with another silent film that is sure to be a box-office hit . . . and when the silent ones are good they are gold mines because they pick up the money that the talkies cannot touch, namely, the foreign trade and the unwired movie houses in this country. The first week of business done by this film at the Capitol Theatre indicates that it may break the record established by the William Haines picture, "The Duke Steps Out," and in this regard it may be interesting to note that the former box-office records at this famous theatre were held by two other silent films, "The Green Hat" and "Our Dancing Daughters."

The popularity of this new picture of the jazz age will be due in a great measure to reflected glory from "Our Dancing Daughters," although a comparison of the two pictures shows that the new film has neither the originality of story nor intelligence of direction that went into the making of its predecessor. However, the physical assets of "Our Modern Maidens" are undeniable. It presents Joan Crawford in her first starring rôle, a responsibility which this vital young lady carries with a charming grace that well merits the honor, and as added attractions the cast includes Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Rod La Rocque and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Surrounding this array of stars are scores of handsome, well dressed young people . . . all gathered together on one of those giddy, glamorous house parties that are envied by those who cannot afford such things and avoided by those who can.

The climax of the expensive goings-on is a typical movie wedding . . . pretentious and overdone, but, as

usual, duck soup for the female movie patrons who will openly criticize the garish display as an exploitation of a sacred ceremony, and secretly wonder if it wouldn't be fun to marry off one of the kids with such a swell hurrah.

But to give you some idea of the

become famous through his diplomatic work in the Argentine and who has, incidentally, developed a passionate Argentine nature through contact with the natives or something. This Latin business makes sense with Joan and she feels herself slipping though she wants to be true to Doug.

In the meantime, Doug gets to playing "you chase me" with Anita Page in a moonlit, sylvan dell, and you know how those things turn out. The girl flits from tree to tree, the man pursues . . . she slips and falls and he overtakes her—or vice versa. And did you ever notice that invariably when the boy catches the girl they are both laughing and apparently just having a lot of good, clean fun—then that certain look passes between them—they clinch, and the picture fades out. You are then left to imagine whatever you choose, depending on just what you think you would do under similar circumstances, and in this picture you will probably guess all wrong. The answer is disclosed during the big wedding scene by means of a small and rather ambiguously worded card. Being a bachelor we might easily have missed the whole idea of the thing if we had not overheard a young lady in back of us reply to her girl friend, "Why, don't you see, you dumbbell, it's like this. . . ."

It has been suggested before in this department that producers keep Anita happy and smiling. This intelligent advice has again been ignored with the result that this very pretty girl is presented at a terrible disadvantage during certain scenes. Some gals can cry acceptably, but Anita's first tear washes away all vestige of her sex appeal.

Douglas brightens up one spot in the film with some amusing imitations during which he mimics John Gilbert. John Barrymore and Douglas Sr. The take-off of his famous father as "Robin Hood" is particularly clever. Miss Crawford's contribution in the line of parlor tricks is an effective dance in

(Continued on Page 30)



Remember Mr. Peebles—the bid was five No Trumps, doubled and redoubled.

story—and it won't take a minute . . . It seems that Joan and Doug have formed this sort of friendly engagement, at least that is what you are expected to believe in the last part of the picture. (If some of the looks Doug gives her are friendly, Mark Antony and Cleopatra were bowing acquaintances.) Anyhow, Joan meets Rod La Rocque, a young man who has

Art Theatre—Between The Acts

"Charming, really don't you think?" . . . "Ain't this awful! For sixty-five cents we could have went to a good movie." . . . "His idea is amusing if you don't object to banality but, my dear fellow, he hasn't grasped the first principles of dramatic construction." . . . "Belasco told me that he'd put my play in rehearsal immediately if he could cast it." . . . "Pay three bucks to sit on a hard bench, breathe a lot of bad air and garlic fumes—and listen to a lot of mugs rave about their souls." . . . "I'm having a heavenly time. My dear, I'm actually *palpitating*." . . . "Irving, explain it to Morris. See it's all a symbol, Morris. It's a symbol from the—the—er—futility of everything. See, Morris? Irving, please you tell him." . . . "A rhythmic, uncategorical, unmitigated, neurotic atony of emotions—if you grasp what I mean." . . . "Say, this joint is right around the corner from Pete's place. Let's scoot over and have a few drinks. We don't care if we miss the last act." . . . "Now I handle this theme much more delicately. My play opens in the lobby of a provincial Albanian hotel." . . . "Miss Zshbkli, may I present Mr. Urteogovitch." . . . "It ain't a bad little show but it ain't a commoicial success." . . . "As I said to Shaw 'Bernard,' I said, 'you and I are probably the greatest living playwrights.'" . . . "Look, Morris please—she don't mean it like she says it. She's talking symbols. Irving just explained it to you."

—Robert Lord.

Down To Earth

"Nice country," said the hosiery salesman to the man from Manhattan who shared the Pullman smoker with him.

"It gives *me* the creeps."

"Not me. There's something sublime, something majestic about those high mountains. From their lofty summits one must feel superior to the common emotions of man, one must seem above the sordid ambitions of the herd."

"That's because you never lived on a mountain," said the cynical New Yorker. "I was born in a little cabin twenty miles above here on the highest peak in this range. As a kid, I toddled about a mountain top thousands



"I wasn't quite sold on the new minister this morning."

of feet up in the clouds. I was always looking down, deep down, and it gave me the creeps. I hated high places. I trembled at the thought of spending the rest of my life up in the air. Do you get what I mean?"

The hosiery salesman tried to look sympathetic.

"Well, as soon as I was old enough to make my own way in the world, I lit out and came down to New York. No more mountain tops for mine!"

"Gee, that's an interesting slant. I never realized a person could feel that way."

The man from Manhattan smoked through two more stogies and talked through the next few years under Hoover. As the train rolled into

Grand Central Station he said to the hosiery drummer, "If you're going to be in New York for a week or so look us up."

"I'd love to. I'm a stranger here, you know."

"Glad to have you. Take the Fifth Avenue bus up to the Gargantuan Apartments. Use the right hand entrance and take the private elevator. We occupy the pent house apartment on the sixty-fifth floor."

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

GOLFER: My approach to the green is pretty lousy.

WAG: Yeh, I've been slapped myself a couple of times.

Confidential Guide



Drama

- GAMBLING. *Fulton*—George M. Cohan as a relentless, tight-lipped gambler.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—Still the drama of the year.
- MURDER ON THE SECOND FLOOR. *Eltinge*—Reviewed in this issue.
- REMOTE CONTROL. *Forty-Eighth Street*—Reviewed in this issue.
- SOLDIERS AND WOMEN. *Ritz*—Soldiers and women.
- ★STREET SCENE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Moving drama of the slums that won the Pulitzer prize.
- SCARLET PAGES. *Morosco*—Reviewed in this issue.

Comedy

- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.85—Fun in an English tavern as concocted by Drinkwater. Entertaining.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—One of those whose-kid-is-it things made interesting by the Belasco touch.
- ★LET US BE GAY. *Little*. \$4.40—Sophistication a la Long Island. Very good.
- JERRY FOR SHORT. *Waldorf*—Just awful.
- MY GIRL FRIDAY. *Republic*—So so.
- ★THE CAMEL THRU THE NEEDLE'S EYE. *Guild*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Miriam Hopkins—and that's all.
- THE COMMODORE MARRIES. *Plymouth*—Rather amusing, but for adults only.

Eye and Ear

- ★MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANACK. *Erlanger*. \$5.50—Near the top in revues.
- ★A NIGHT IN VENICE. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Ted Healy in amusing rough-house antics.

- ★FOLLOW THRU. *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Going as strong as it was a year ago.
- ★HOLD EVERYTHING. *Broadhurst*. \$5.50—A woman who had just had her face lifted had to have it done all over after laughing at Bert Lahr.
- HOT CHOCOLATES. *Hudson*—Dinge comedy and fast stepping.
- ★SHOW GIRL. *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Not Ziegfeld's best, but good.
- SKETCH BOOK. *Earl Carroll*—Earl has cleaned it up and is packing them in.
- ★SWEET ADELIN. *Hammerstein*. \$6.60—Helen Morgan, Charles Butterworth, Jerome Kern score, very pleasant entertainment.
- ★THE LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box*. \$4.40—Fred Allen is one of our funniest comedians, and he is ably assisted by Clifton Webb.
- ★THE NEW MOON. *Imperial*. \$5.50—An operetta you will remember.
- ★WHOOPEE. *New Amsterdam*. \$6.60—Eddie Cantor is always worth while.

Movies

- OUR MODERN MAIDENS. (SILENT) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Reviewed in this issue.
- THE DANCE OF LIFE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Highly entertaining screen version of the stage success, "Burlesque."
- GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—Winnie Lightner is a riot in this 100% technicolor song and dance picture. Recommended.
- STREET GIRL. (TALKIE) *R. K. O.*—Light but entertaining song-dance-love picture. Good fun by Jack Oakie.
- SAY IT WITH SONGS. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—Jolson's latest and not in the same class with his former ones.
- HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY. (SILENT) *Ufa*—One of the few meritorious foreign born films.
- THE SINGLE STANDARD. (SILENT) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Greta Garbo still going over big without the aid of the human voice.

★See paragraphs below.

- ★DANGEROUS CURVES. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Clara Bow's love for the tight-wire walker brings him back to the straight and narrow and gets him steady work.
- MADAM X. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Number 1 among the talkies. Ruth Chatterton.
- BULLDOG DRUMMOND. (TALKIE) *Samuel Goldwyn*—Number 1-A. Ronald Colman.
- CHARMING SINNERS. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Ruth Chatterton offers a slick lesson to wives with skidding husbands.
- THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—All the M. G. M. stars doing their parlor tricks. The best musical talkie.
- THE COCK EYED WORLD. (TALKIE) *Fox*—It could have been just as funny without the dirt.
- HALLELUJAH. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—King Vidor presents a remarkable picture of the Southern negro's religious ceremonies.

Roof Gardens

- ★Dressy. *C Cover Charge*. *H Head Waiter*. *St. Regis*, 5th Ave. at 55th. Grand place. *C.\$1.50. H.Eugene.
- CASANOVA, 134 W. 52nd. Good crowd but not much of a roof. C.\$3.00.
- ASTOR ROOF, B'way and 45th. Fair. C.\$1.00. H.Groiss.
- RITZ CARLTON, Madison at 46th. Open only until 11:30. *C.\$1.00. H.Theodor.
- PARK CENTRAL, 7th Ave. at 56th. Nice place. C.\$1.50-\$2.50. H.Williams.
- ALAMAC, Broadway at 71st. Fair. C.\$1.00-\$2.00. H.Berrier.
- BOSSERT, Montague and Remsen St., Brooklyn. Worth the trip. C.\$1.00-\$2.00. H.Nicholas.
- PENNSYLVANIA, 7th Ave. at 33rd. Hotel crowd. C.\$1.00.
- MCALPIN, B'way at 34th. Ditto. C.\$1.00.

(Continued on Page 30)

Life's Ticket Service

HOW LIFE READERS CAN GET GOOD ORCHESTRA SEATS AT BOX-OFFICE PRICES

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions above indicated by stars and at prices noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

• • •

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET-SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

• • •

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to send two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats

for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats asked for. Any excess amount will be refunded.

• • •

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded by return mail.

• • •

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

• • •

No money refunded on orders without seven days' notice.

PURCHASE ORDER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 33

Take ten feet of Ciné-Kodak Safety Film each month and keep a "Living Diary" of your children. On a thin strip of film you can record the wonderful period between infancy and adolescence.



Those Baby Ways you love so much

Make them a permanent possession . . . see them in years to come . . . whenever you like . . . on a Ciné-Kodak Safety Film

DO you realize that some day you will lose your baby's smile? That the time will come when you would give anything to see its radiance again?

That cunning little toss of the head, the inimitable kick-up of little running feet, the chubby little hand reaching up for yours . . . how they thrill you now!

But those baby ways you love so much are here today and gone tomorrow. Once the little one grows up, "all the King's horses and all the King's men" won't be able to bring them back.

Your memory, as you find to your sorrow, loses far more than it keeps. Until a few years ago there was absolutely no way to make a permanent living record of your children's adorable babyhood.

The Miracle of Home Movies

Just the very idea of sitting in your living room years from now and seeing what your youngsters

did *today* makes your heart beat faster. Let Ciné-Kodak home movies bring about this miracle for *you* as it has for thousands of other parents. If you fail now to take advantage of this priceless opportunity, the day will come when you'll regret that failure bitterly.

As Simple as Snapshots

What excuse is there left to offer? Expense? A home movie outfit, consisting of Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen, can be bought for as little as \$145.

Complicated? Yes — as complicated as opening your own front door, as winding your watch, as tying your shoes! Ciné-Kodak home movies are as easy to make as ordinary snapshots.

Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy now have made home



Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

movie-making equally simple for you.

Color Movies, Too

And now, another Eastman development — Kodacolor — enables you to make home movies in full natural color. With the Ciné-Kodak f. 1.9, Model B or BB, a filter and Kodacolor Film, you can make the most beautiful *living* close-ups. When you project the film, you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting Kodacolor.

Also, to supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, are available at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's. They cost only \$7.50 per 100 feet.

Don't let precious opportunities to take movies of your youngsters slip by through any fault of yours. Ask your Ciné-Kodak dealer to show you outfits and in the meantime mail the coupon for the free booklet—"The Lure of Home Movies."

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Depts. 254, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, your new booklet, "The Lure of Home Movies."

Name _____

Address _____

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interchange-
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APPLIED
FOR



A Reputation—

—for doing-the-right-thing (in business or social life) is founded on trivial acts of good judgment and courtesy. At every lift of the lid, a Preference Chest speaks well of you... graciously offers visitors their choice of cigarettes... any 4 brands, in labeled compartments.

Exquisite cabinetwork... hinged lid... solid mahogany throughout, lacquered in Green, Black, Chinese Red mounted with old English prints, or in Natural Finish (without print). Also de luxe models in 8 colors of gold-tooled pin Morocco. A welcome gift... compliment to fine furnishings in any home, office or directors' room. Retailers not yet supplied are also invited to write us.

OLD COLONY DISTRIBUTING CO.,

Dept. L, 99 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.



\$5.00

At leading local stores, or sent postpaid. (\$5.50 West of the Rockies). De luxe leather-covered Chests \$16—with Galvano plaque \$20—jade dragon \$30.

Queen's Gambit

(Continued from Page 9)

against five thousand dollars that that statue faces the harbor!"

"Done," said Syner.

* * * * *

The *Ulanda* docked first at Port Antonio. Quorn and Syner, in their eagerness to settle the bet, left the ship and took the short way across the island by land. With the bet made they had grown friendly and as they neared Kingston each in his way was a little sorry about skinning the other.

As they rattled into the town Quorn suddenly sensed that something was wrong. The people in the streets seemed downcast—the shrubs and flowers, usually so bright, seemed dusty and forgotten. As they neared the waterfront an iciness gathered around his heart. Bricks were lying in the street. He could see the walls of the houses they passed were cracked.

"Earthquake!" he gasped, clutching Syner's arm.

They stopped a blue-trousered, white-coated, pith-helmeted native policeman.

"Earthquake?" he said answering. "Righto, earthquake. Just few of our people hurt, just few killed, just few building damage."

They drove on. Quorn thought what a blessing it was he'd paid that last insurance premium on his island property. In the center of a square they stopped. Syner pointed to a statue, standing cracked but upright, surrounded by ruins.

"There," he said, "is your statue."

Quorn looked and went white. All his life he had seen that statue staring out to sea, but now undeniably the old lady had run out on him; the statue faced the town! Then he saw clearly the trick that had been played on him. So Syner knew this! For a moment he saw red, then a thought struck him and he smiled. "Syner!" As his companion turned, he pointed up the street where a block or so away they could see workmen beginning to cart away a huge pile of debris.

"There," he said, "is your house."

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NEW YORK



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material response to
the fanciful dictates of
innate good taste.

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UNFORTUNATELY, taste is a word that has been shanghaied by the press-gang of trade. It has been manhandled like a garage-helper's tools ... stripped of its proper significance ... begrimed by association.

How, then, shall we say that Temple wins the approval of those who have a nice perception of artistic excellence ... who prize a bit of Quattro-cento and despise a forty-foot Hollywood mural ... who relax with DeBussy and wince from Broadway stridence?

Temple is not earmarked by the gramophone. Grand the Rapids influence. It is a superb musical instrument in a console of dignity and beauty.

Screen grid chassis
Optional equipment
-at no advance in price

Temple is all-electric, standard chassis six 227 tubes—push pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification in every power supply combination with the respect electro-dynamic Speaker accessories matched ready for use. The Temple Receiver, 8-60 Console ... \$149; the Temple 8-60 Console \$269. All prices less tubes. Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and Associated Companies.

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"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"

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Consideration

Adet.

A film-critic has stated that he nearly fell asleep at a talkie. Better luck next time.
—Punch.

Thirty is a nice age for a woman, especially if she's forty.
The Looker-On.



**keeps eyes
clear**

Want clear, bright eyes? Then apply *Murine* each night and morning. It removes the irritating particles which cause a bloodshot condition and imparts an alluring sparkle. 60c.

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FOR YOUR
EYES

TO FLORIDA VIA.

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Go Southward with the season to Asheville and nature's most glorious autumn in the Great Smokies and Blue Ridge Mountains. At Kenilworth Inn the perfect service and accommodations make for a most delightful interlude in the fall before the winter season begins. Famous Highways lead into Asheville from all points. Write for information or reservations—

ASHEVILLE, N.C.

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 26)

Records

HOW AM I TO KNOW
Ohman and Arden do their stuff on two pianos.

AFTER THE CLOUDS ROLL BY
..... Sentimental fox-trot. (Victor)

OH MISS HANNAH
A new version of an old favorite, good vocal chorus.

CHINA BOY ... Fast peppy one-step. (Columbia)

THAT'S WHEN I LEARNED TO LOVE YOU,
A KISS TO REMEMBER
Rudy Vallee sings through his nose, but just the same it's a good record. (Victor)

HARLEM BLUES
A marvelous blues number, smooth and soft.

BEALE STREET BLUES
A good old tune. Sung by Williard Robinson. (Columbia)

WAIT FOR THE HAPPY ENDING,
I MAY BE WRONG
... A swell record, vocal choruses. (Victor)

Dance Numbers

(Sheet Music)

"Why Was I Born" (Sweet Adeline)

"Here I Am" (Sweet Adeline)

"Got A Feelin' For You" (No Show)

"Harlem Blues" (No Show)

"Lovelorn" (No Show)

"Singin' In The Rain" (Hollywood Revue)

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Movies

(Continued from Page 24)

a costume that is very becoming. We don't remember exactly what this costume is like except that it is some sort of black and white stuff and very short. If you have ever seen Miss Crawford in one of these things you know what we mean. A piece here and a piece there . . . honest, you sort of wonder how the darned things are kept on . . . and not only that but she dances pretty well, too.

You will probably enjoy "Our Modern Maidens."

Two burglars were surprised in a London warehouse by a plumber who arrived at 5:00 A. M. to do some repairs. It was enough to surprise anybody.
—Punch.

A method of repairing silk stockings invisibly has been devised. People taking up this work are advised to start at the bottom of the ladder.

—London Opinion.

An Ancient Prejudice Has Been Removed

**"toasting
did it"—**

Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes—Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) from the tobaccos.



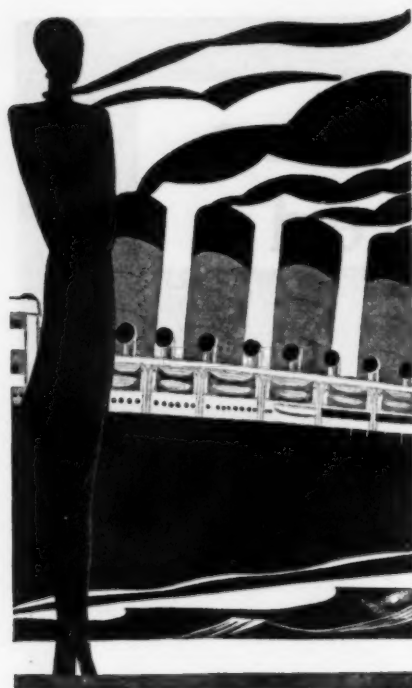
YEARS ago, when cigarettes were made without the aid of modern science, there originated that ancient prejudice against all cigarettes. That criticism is no longer justified. LUCKY STRIKE, the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the choicest tobacco, properly aged and skillfully blended—"It's Toasted."

"TOASTING," the most modern step in cigarette manufacture, removes from LUCKY STRIKE harmful irritants which are present in cigarettes manufactured in the old-fashioned way.

Everyone knows that heat purifies, and so "TOASTING"—LUCKY STRIKE'S *extra* secret process—removes harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) from LUCKIES which in the old-fashioned manufacture of cigarettes cause throat irritation and coughing. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.

"It's Toasted"—the phrase that describes the *extra* "toasting" process applied in the manufacture of Lucky Strike Cigarettes. The finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—are scientifically subjected to penetrating heat at minimum, 260°—maximum, 300°, Fahrenheit. The exact, expert regulation of such high temperatures removes impurities. More than a slogan, "It's Toasted" is recognized by millions as the most modern step in cigarette manufacture.

"It's toasted"



Freedom . . .

Personal liberty exists, in a de-luxe-edition, in the big Cunarders. Freedom to do as you please, and not as your neighbor pleases . . . Freedom to make of this week between worlds a small masterpiece in the art of contrast . . . gleaming gold . . . grateful grey . . .

A winged arrowy gaiety for the hours of lift; on the sports decks, in the cardrooms, the restaurants, on the dance floors . . .

A deep sensitive tranquillity for the moments between—in your suite, in your deck chair, in the library . . .

And—everywhere and at all times—the serenity, the poise, the grace, of a house you might visit in Buckinghamshire or Surrey . . . where you would find every whim of luxurious living, every impulse of mood, reflected—and no mood intrusive . . .

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MAURETANIA Oct. 16 • Nov. 6 • Nov. 27
AQUITANIA Oct. 23 • Nov. 13 • Jan. 18

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LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

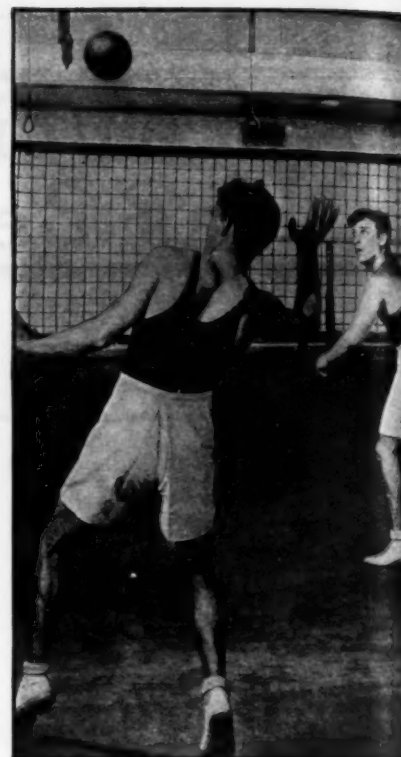
LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-two years. In that time it has expended \$476,000.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 52,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged . . . \$39,140.81

Alexander Breese Porter, Brooklyn, Me.	5.00
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To fully enjoy indoor exercise keep your muscles limber with Absorbine, Jr. Early in the season use it full strength to relieve or prevent lameness, soreness or muscular aches. Then dilute it for a general rub-down. Quick acting and antiseptic when used full strength, it not only invigorates, but tends to heal and eliminate the danger of infection in scratches, bruises or chafing. . . . Druggists everywhere sell and recommend Absorbine, Jr. For sure protection buy two bottles. Keep one at home and have the other always ready in your locker.

At All Druggists, \$1.25
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For Instant
First Aid

Relieves
Sore Muscles

Absorbine Jr.

Miss Jane Jameson, Concord, N. H.	15.00
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From small carnival by following children: Harriet Hartness, Ho- race and Stanton Foster, Marjorie and Charles Towers, Bethesda, Md.	10.45
Rip Van Winkle	20.00
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Jesse Thompson, San Francisco	2.00
Mrs. A. V. Cady, New Rochelle	5.00
Jack Woolson Clark, Montclair	20.00
Mrs. Josephine L. Dulany, Baltimore	10.00
Mrs. Geo. W. Goode, Presidio of San Francisco	5.00
E. O., New York	10.00
Lottie and Jo, Rochester, N. Y.	5.00
Arthur H. Kaiser, New York	5.00
Alice L. Hildebrand, Hartford, Conn.	3.00
Total	\$40,447.18

Answers to Anagrams

(on Page 11)

1. Random.
2. Shelter.
3. Weather.
4. Engaged.
5. Coroner.
6. Yacht.

LIFE'S THEATRE TICKET SERVICE

598 Madison Ave., New York City

Purchase Order

(Directions for using on Page 26)

Dear LIFE:

I want seats for the following shows:

Name of show	No. seats	Date
--------------	-----------	------

Alternates

Remarks

Name _____

Address

Check for \$_____ enclosed

***You can't use a
Waterman's
as a crow bar-***



but

used as a writing instrument with a bottle of Waterman's ink as a fulcrum, you will find it will remove every writing difficulty you have ever experienced.

It is because Waterman's are pens of genuine merit that they satisfy every writing need.

The perfectly balanced rubber holder is light and stainless and feels fine when you're writing.

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Before you buy a fountain pen try Waterman's No. 7. It is the newest and most appealing idea in fountain pens. There are seven different pen points to choose from, each identified by a distinctive color band on the cap.

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Cruises



WORLD...

A marvel of planning. Brings in 6 great epochs... Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, China, Japan. 2 life-time events... Christmas in the Holy Land, New Year's Eve in Cairo. Timing to follow June around the world. Concentration on high spots... 15 days India-Ceylon, 16 days China, 10 days Japan. Alluring odd corners... Java, Siam, Formosa. Your ship is the far-famed Empress of Australia, the ship of luxurious roominess, 21,850 gross tons. From New York, Dec. 2, 137 days. As low as \$2000.

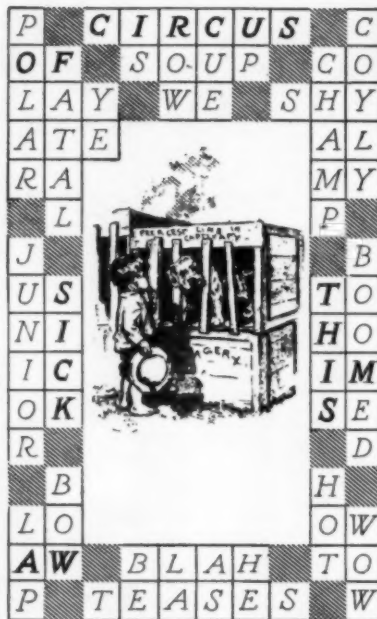
Mediterranean

Two Mediterranean Cruises next winter... such is the demand for the Canadian Pacific way. Choice of 2 great Empresses... Empress of Scotland, 25,000 gross tons, spreading ease; Empress of France, 18,350 gross tons, yacht-like smartness. Choice of 2 sailing dates, Feb. 3 and Feb. 13. Both from New York... 73 days. All the usual Mediterranean ports; also Venice, Majorca, Dubrovnik, Corfu, Sicily, Beirut. As low as \$900.

Information and booklets... if you have a good travel-agent, ask him. Also, any Canadian Pacific office: New York, 344 Madison Ave... Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd... Montreal, 201 St. James St., West... and 30 other cities in U.S. and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

Puzzle Winners of LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 4 (August 30 Issue)



"Aw, I'm sick of this circus."

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

Mrs. H. Archer Clark,
Park Place,
Lee, Mass.

*Don't let yourself be lionized when
you're only the goat.*

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Geo. W. Skinner,
206 Trust Co. Bldg.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

*You do not have to wear horns to
be the goat.*

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Merritt L. Benson,
809 South 4th Street,
Louisville, Ky.

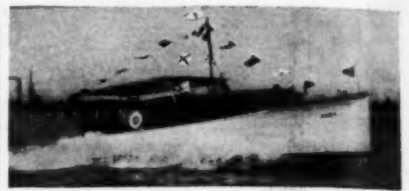
*Declining morale in the wild animal
show.*

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Captain Stanley Richardson,
76th Field Artillery, U. S. A.,
Presidio, Monterey, Calif.

*For large, proud animals
Cages are fine:
I'd rather be loose
Than be a line.*

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NEW

May we send you an illustrated brochure describing the newest thing in combination cruisers? Just write for Booklet No. L-10.

CORSAIR BOAT CO.

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN



A man sent half a dozen collars to the laundry and got back four belonging to somebody else. Whatever did he expect? Six of his own?

—London Opinion.

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For Smart Homes
Artistic
Colorful

yet with the tip-lid container they keep the ashes out of sight, extinguishing lighted smokes automatically. Always clean and odorless.

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AN IDEAL GIFT

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SCROLL ART STUDIOS
BRIDGEPORT... CONN.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1929, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry A. Richter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editor, Norman Anthony, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, Philip Rosa, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Henry A. Richter, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Irene L. Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Langhorne Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Clair Maxwell, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Henry A. Richter. (Signature of Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1929. (Seal) J. N. Nau, Notary Public, New York County No. 60; New York Register No. 0-59. My commission expires March 30, 1930.

A woman-writer reminds us that wives are not furniture. That is so. The instalment people will take furniture back again. —Punch.

ELYSEE

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NEW YORK

voilà un **HOTEL**

et **RESTAURANT**

DIRECTION
MAX A. HAERING
[FORMERLY 10 YEARS]

ELYSEE
1 EAST 56TH STREET



Bewitching Mint Leaf Flavor

Now that the censors have cleaned up the stuff behind the footlights, it's high time that some one investigated what goes on behind the headlights.

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

The only difference now between Al Capone and most other crooks is that Al Capone is in jail.

—Harvard Lampoon.

AILSA: I suppose you know Alice married money.

ADA: Oh, yes! They're separated now, aren't they?

"No; just she and her husband are separated."

—Answers.

A dispute between four women is the theme of a recently produced play. Astonishing as it may seem, the performance ends in time for members of the audience to catch their last trains home.

—Humorist.

PROUD MOTHER: Yes, our youngest son has a beautiful voice, and we have had him taught the flute so that he can accompany himself.

—Pearson's.

HE: I'd die a thousand deaths for you.

SHE: Oh, I assure you, one would suit me perfectly.

—Answers.

BROWN LAVENDER
SMELLING
SALTS



At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-24 Cooper Square, New York.

LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzles

\$100.00 in Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00

2nd Prize \$25.00

3rd Prize \$15.00

4th Prize \$10.00

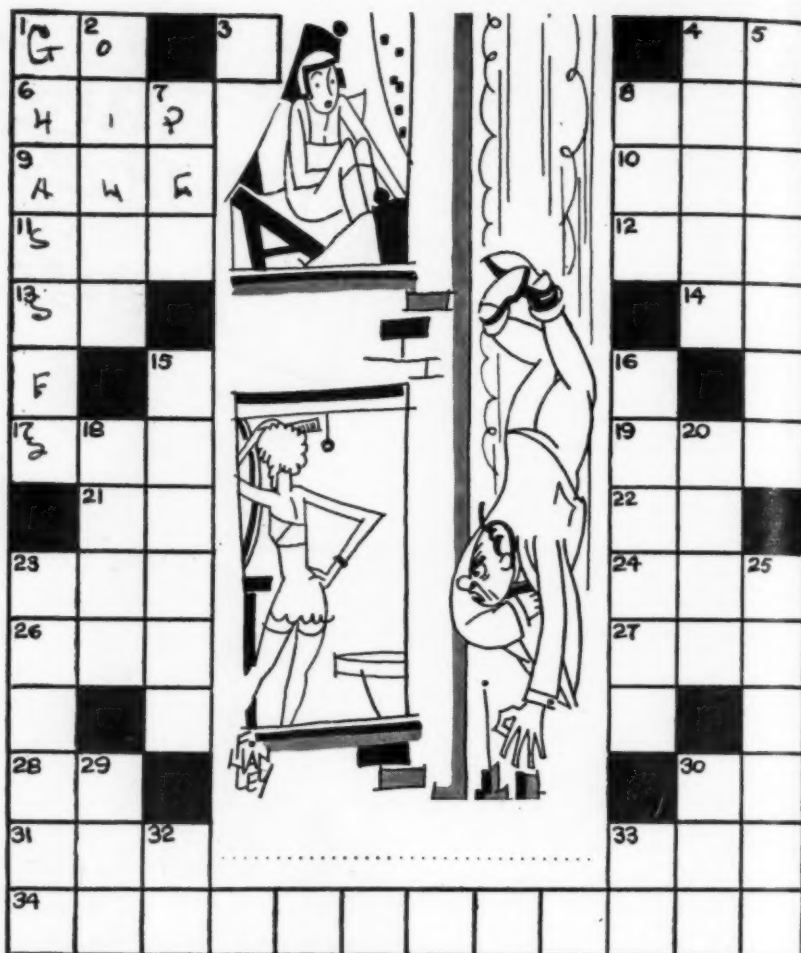
LIFE will run a new cross word picture puzzle each week. After you have solved the puzzle see if you can find the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle.

After you have solved the puzzle and gotten the correct title for the picture, give your explanation of the joke in not more than fifteen words.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and the prizes will be awarded to the persons giving the correct solution of the puzzle, the correct title for the picture, and the cleverest explanation of the joke. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. You may send in as many puzzles as you wish but none will be returned. The prize-winning solutions will be printed in subsequent issues. Send all puzzles to the Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. *This week's contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, October 18.*

HORIZONTAL

1. You won't get anywhere unless you do this.
3. Personal pronoun.
4. This applies to only personal things.
6. This meets with a kiss.
8. Hawaiian food.
9. This is full of hops.
10. What the cannibal did when the Missionary brought him Salvation.
11. This is fought out at the court.
12. This old boy is hot stuff.
13. This applies to the old man.
14. Something the farmers have a hard time getting over. (abbr.)
17. A warning on the road.



Winners of this puzzle will appear in the Nov. 8 issue.

VERTICAL

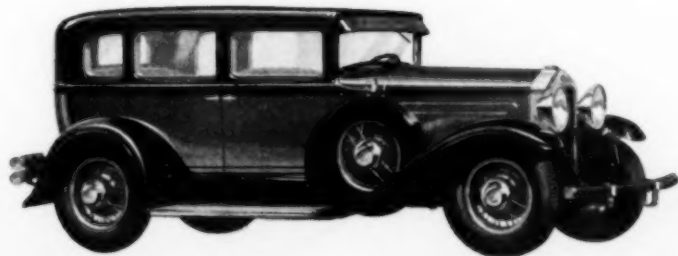
19. Queer.
21. A conjunction.
22. Hot stuff to the Egyptians.
23. You wouldn't have to run fast to beat this.
24. The cross word puzzle bird.
26. This is a lot of trouble.
27. This is always digging up the dirt.
28. What Elinor Glyn deals in. (abbr.)
30. That is. (abbr.)
31. Feminine name.
33. To do this is only human.
34. The first five is a H— of a fellow; the next two is an abbreviation for something hard to cross; the last five indicate the price you have to pay—and the whole is what the peddler does with his metal polish.
1. Even the dumbest can see through these.
2. This fellow is a smooth worker.
4. Found in a Ford.
5. What the bachelor never did.
7. Flappers love to do this.
8. A French step.
15. What the plumber did.
16. The north wind.
18. How the radio fiend says he got Chicago.
20. A word to swear by.
23. What your parents did to you.
25. What any talkative person does.
29. This runs up and down in New York. (abbr.)
30. This will make you mad.
32. Something that comes after midnight. (abbr.)
33. This comes before cetera.



*THE DISTINCTIVELY BEAUTIFUL WILLYS-KNIGHT
IN TWO SERIES FROM \$1045 to \$1895*

The beauty and style of the new Willys-Knight, the power, smoothness and economy of the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine, are now available in two lines of ultra-modern motor cars—the low-priced “70-B” and the luxurious Great Six . . . The brilliant success of the Willys-Knight “70-B” proves its popularity as the largest, smartest and most powerful Knight-engined car ever offered at such a low cost . . . The new Willys-Knight Great Six is distinctively different from other fine cars, with an individuality that reveals itself in a higher order of beauty, luxury and performance.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



Willys-Knight

“70-B” Coach, \$1045; Coupe De Luxe, \$1145; Sedan De Luxe, \$1265; Roadster, \$1045; Touring, \$1045. Wire wheels included. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

GREAT SIX Sedan, Coupe, 5-Pass. Coupe, Roadster, each at \$1895. 6 wire wheels, trunk rack included. All Willys-Knight prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

Why CAMELS are the better cigarette



*Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos
grown—cured and blended with expert care.*

Camels are mild and mellow.

The taste of Camels is smooth and satisfying.

Camels are cool and refreshing.

*The fragrance of Camels is always pleasant,
indoors or out.*

*They do not tire the taste nor leave any
cigarette after-taste.*



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